UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Loyalty and Co-operation

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

The Clique of Nations

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

New Plummets for New Soundings

By EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD

Hymn to December

A Poem by ANGELA MORGAN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1922 NUMBER 18

HYMN TO DECEMBER.

Blow, splendid wind, across my day;
Blow hard, blow bitter and unkind;
Be rough, be ruthless on thy way,
Sweep clean the forest of my mind.

O wind, no withered tree let stand!
No sundered bough or futile vine.
Like scattered leaves at thy command,
My petty whims and woes are thine.

Blow, bitter wind, and brace my heart!
Sing strength unto a purpose frail.
May I be mighty as thou art
When stricken hope would bid me fail.

O wind across the winter sun
Where crystal fires burn deep and cold,
My spirit, too, would leap and run—
My will as thine be fierce and bold.

But thou art comrade to the sky;
Unhindered is thine onward sweep,
Thou hast no fetters such as I,
No human paths of pain to keep.

Blow, bitter wind, till all my blood
Sings high and sweet as birds in Spring.
Bring thaw and rain and April flood,
Bring leaf and bud and lifted wing.

O wind, blow on, nor let there be
One cranny where thy force is not.
Blow on, till every path is free
And all but splendor is forgot!

International Feature Service. ANGELA MORGAN.

On Friday, December 30th, the New York *World* published one of the bravest cartoons ever printed in an American newspaper. It was a picture of France, standing before the mirror of militarism, and putting on *a Prussian helmet.* We do not wonder that this cartoon stirred the French delegation at the Disarmament Conference to frenzied protest, and led to much wild talk of vilification and insult. The drawing happened to be not only brave but true, and thus, of course, aroused M. Sarraut and his colleagues to anger. If it can also arouse the American people to some understanding of what France is doing in the world today, it will have fulfilled a highly useful purpose. For it is time that we came to recognize that France is eaten up with militarism, that she is as dangerous to the peace and order of the world as Germany ever was, that her policy this day is a menace to the race. In saying this we abate not one jot or tittle of our admiration for the French people, our reverence for French literature, music, art and culture. But these fruits of the spirit are one thing, and the poisonous growth of Parisian army, social and political life is quite another. What France needs to get rid of is her soldiers and politicians, and her insane love of *"èclat"* and *"la gloire,"* just as Germany needed to get rid of her Kaiser, her noxious class of military officers, and her false doctrines of force. "Chauvinism," we have to remember, is a French word, and it describes a phenomenon, alack, which seems to be as alive in France today as ever.

That was an amazing revelation made by Lord Lee in the Disarmament Conference, of the praise of German submarine practices in the Great War by a high French naval officer. The source of Lord Lee's information was an article in the *Revue Maritime,* signed by Capitaine de frigate Castex, "at that time chief of one of the most important bureaus of the French naval staff." Complaining at the outset of his article that torpedo warfare was a French invasion, "appropriated" by the Germans, the author goes on to assert that "one can see nothing in the attitude of the Germans which, militarily speaking, is not absolutely correct." He continues: "The failure to give notice before torpedoing has raised a storm of protest, but it is not so inadmissable as at first sight appears." H'm! this is healthy reading, isn't it!—not affected at all by the fevered disavowal of the demoralized Admiral de Bon in the Disarmament Conference! It only goes to prove what we have always asserted in these columns, in the face of occasionally furious indignation, but bombing, torpedoing, gassing were no more distinctively German in character than they were English, French, or American. Any nation will do anything in war, no matter how terrible, which necessity dictates or ingenuity provides. The French or the English would have used the submarine in a minute just as Germany did, if they had been in the same position of attack and defense as the Germans. War is war!—it has no more to do with nationality than profits. Our French "Capitaine" is honest, and therefore "gives away" the truth!

Another cheerful bit of reading comes to us from the London *Evening News,* in the form of an interview by Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard, Director of the Operations Division of the British Admiralty War Staff during the period of the war. If present French policy continues, says this distinguished English naval officer,

the Empire will immediately begin preparations for war with France. "For fifty years," he says, "the policy and plans of the British Admiralty have been regulated in direct regard to the next strongest European maritime power." From the time of the building of the German navy and the Kiel Canal, this power was Germany. Now it threatens to be France. This being the case, says Vice-Admiral Ballard, "all documents in a certain safe at the Admiralty, whereof only four people have the key, will be marked *'most secret. Instructions for flag officers in event of war with France.'"* And England and France are the two nations which were joined only yesterday in an indissoluble alliance to fight Germany, and thus end war forever! Bah! There is no such thing as friendship between nations! All this folderol of clasped hands, intertwined flags, pledged allegiance and the rest, is only so much "silly rot." The people, we believe, everywhere, have no native hatred or suspicion of one another. But governments represent not peoples but interests, these interests are essentially hostile, and friendship therefore between states as at present organized, is impossible! We are being taught a lot these days; we wish we could be sure that we were learning something!

Just how the All-India Congress came to be held in the face of what we understood to be the prohibition of the English government, we do not know. Neither do we know whether this Congress adopted a "Declaration of Independence," as is being rumored in the press. But one thing we *do* know is that Mahatma Gandhi was triumphantly sustained by the Congress and his policy of "non-co-operation" endorsed. This means that Gandhi is now the unquestioned leader of his people in the struggle against England, and is going to have ample opportunity to try out his non-resistant policy on the vastest scale ever known in the history of mankind. To us there is nothing in the world at this moment comparable to the drama now being enacted in India. Here is a naturalistic leader who measures up to the standard not merely of a Mazzini or a Washington, but to the infinitely more exalted and exacting spiritual standards of a Jesus or a St. Francis. Behind him is a great mass of hundreds of millions of devoted followers, comprising all classes, all religions, all grades of culture, who worship him as a saint, and stand ready apparently to do his utmost bidding. Before him looms the British Empire, armed with such power as no empire in history has ever wielded, and ready to use it with the utmost rigor of forcible repression. What is to come out of this terrific situation, no man can say. It depends on the extent and depth of Gandhi's hold upon his people on the one hand, and the stupidity and cruelty of English policy on the other. What looms before us at this moment is the greatest mass movement in history, winning its end by ideals unattained before by any other than a few lonely saints and scattered groups of humble and persecuted believers.

On the day before Christmas Judge Webster Thayer handed down a decision denying a new trial to Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, the famous Italian radicals, now under sentence of death for robbing and murdering a paymaster in Massachusetts. Judge Thayer refused to set aside the verdict of the jury on the ground that it is unconstitutional to do so, except when such jury has mistaken or abused their trust. He denied that such mistake or abuse was made during the trial. In his decision he went carefully into the evidence and again laid great stress on the fact that both of these men showed "consciousness of guilt" by the fact that they lied concerning their whereabouts at the time of the murder. The defense denies this emphatically on the ground that they lied for the purpose of protecting fellow-radicals from "red raids" which were prevalent at that time. Most of the criticism of the judge's conduct of the trial has centered about this question of "consciousness of guilt" and its place in determining the sentence. The judge further said that the mere fact of the defense having more witnesses than the prosecution is not of importance. The whole question is one of credibility! However, another motion for a new trial has been entered by the defense on different grounds; namely, that Walter Ripley, formerly head of the jury, took cartridges into the jury room and showed them to other jurors. If trial is denied on these grounds, the only other hope lies in the fact that the Supreme Court is yet to pass upon the bill of exceptions taken during the trial. This case has assumed such grave importance that it is absolutely imperative to clear it from all doubt. It is for that reason that liberals and radicals are working for a new trial.

An Italian was recently arrested in Boston for selling pamphlets of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, at a Sunday forum meeting. The technical charge was "working on the Lord's Day." Although he was later released and the case against him was not pushed, we cannot help seeing in this sort of incident an example of the injustice so frequently visited upon the foreign radical. The policeman was "law honest" in arresting him, and the court might have been technically right in fining him if it had so decided. But why should an old blue law be invoked upon this special occasion? Suppose some highly respectable deacon of the Christian Science Church should sell some copies of Mary Baker G. Eddy's "Science and Health"; or some eminent teacher should sell to his student a copy of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; or some copies of the Rev. Mr. Light's sermon on the second coming of Christ were for sale at the vestry? Would the majesty of the law

descend upon those unwitting anarchists and walk them off to the police station? The function of the policeman is no longer simply to arrest, but also to become judge. And with what unerring accuracy he judges the foreign radical!

We have seen of late no better summary of community religion than that contained in a message of Henry L. Higginson to his son, as set down in Bliss Perry's biography, page 393. "He can think as he pleases about religion," wrote Mr. Higginson, *"but he has got to live with other folks,* and he cannot get rid of God." In this single sentence, written by a shrewd and large-hearted man, gifted with a peculiar faculty of apt phrasing of profound and tender truths, we find revealed the whole secret of the vast shift which is now taking place in the world of religious organization. In the old days, and even until now, what a man *thought* about religion, was the matter of first importance. Our Protestant denominations all have their origin in, and are today explained by, this theological approach to the religious question. Today we are just beginning effectively to realize that religion, in its social forms at least, has nothing essentially to do with thought at all. What is central to the human spirit is not the accidents of its private theological speculations, but the divine necessities of its intercourse with other souls. A man "has got to live with other folks"—it is here, in this fact of social relationship, that God begins, and a man finds, therefore, that "he cannot get rid of God"! But where a man lives "with other folks" is *in the community*—the community of business and pleasure which makes up the fabric of daily life! This means that the community is the foundation upon which the church must build—the center around which it must organize its life. Hence the shift from theological thought to community idealism which constitutes the new reformation of our day!

We saw the late Sir John Hare but once, but that "once" remains to this day one of the most vividly memorable experiences we ever had in the theatre. The play was Robertson's classic comedy, "Caste," and Hare's part, of course, was old 'Eccles. If there was a richer, more vivid, more brilliant piece of comedy-acting ever placed upon the boards in our time, we have not seen it, nor even heard of it. It was a flawless gem, cut to a thousand facets, and every one a miracle of light. Yet it is the judgment of competent and experienced critics that this role was by no means Hare's best—that in "A Pair of Spectacles," for example, he revealed an even greater and more authentic mastery of his art! Hare was undoubtedly the leading comedian of his day, an artist so inexhaustible in resource, so skilled in method, so profound in understanding, that one wonders in comparison if we have any comedians in the theatre in these degenerate days. Sir John Hare is the last of his tribe, unless the unctuous Cyril Maude be accepted as a successor. In America, at least, such art is a lost art, or nearly so, as is the stupendous tragic art of a Siddons, a Macready, and a Salvini. We know of no institution of modern life in which art is so dead, and commercialism so very much alive, as the theatre. Praise be that we were born before the great days had wholly gone, and can therefore live in the memory of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, William Ferris, Joseph Jefferson, E. S. Willard, Mme. Modjeska, and John Hare! Alas, when shall we see their like again!

Loyalty and Co-operation

"What we need is loyalty and co-operation." Thus speak the holders of power who feel power eluding them. Multitudes swell the glad refrain. They see in this formula a sure panacea for a troubled world. They carry it about in much the same *naive* and trustful way as the court magicians of the Middle Ages carried magic power.

Listen to Mr. Sweet or Col. Archibald Stevenson, summon the shades of Senator Lusk from the safe deposit vault, hear Nero, Napoleon or Kaiser Wilhelm. They all emphasize the same solution.

Attend a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, a luncheon of the "How to Sell More Club"; a convention of the Church, or an assembly of the Legislature and you will hear the magic spell invoked.

The industrial expert proves that only one thing is necessary to increase production, efficiency and wealth; namely, a spirit of loyalty and co-operation on the part of the workers. When this is secured there will be no difficulty in running our mines, factories and railroads. The Gordian knot is thus severed at a single blow. How simple! The trustful business man, filled with the good gospel, goes back to his office and tells it to the workers.

At the annual Conference of the Church a newly elected bishop or something is inspired to dispense the same wisdom. To the ministers and laity who are heart sick over the decline in numbers and vitality of the Protestant congregations, he explains how simple it all is. The situation can easily be saved. All that is necessary is to have the people loyal to the Church. The ministers see that it is so. Therefore they return home and in the greatest sermon they ever preached, explain it to the people.

And the politician is endowed with equal wisdom. He sees the point. He realizes that when all the people believed in the sovereignty of the First National Bank and the Constitution there was none of this civil strife

and dangerous radicalism. Under the magic spell of loyalty to Americanism he will calm and purify this perverse generation.

And then—disillusion. It doesn't work. The solution doesn't solve. Somebody forgot to put the yeast in the powder.

Why doesn't it work? Because loyalty is not a commodity to be produced from a people as a magician produces rabbits from a hat. We need some Einstein to popularize the idea of the relativity of loyalty and co-operation. We are loyal to an idea when it expresses us, when it summarizes our values. We co-operate with a group when the people in it strike a responsive chord in us. We must have faith in an object before we are loyal to it. It is a *vis a fronto,* not a *vis a tergo.* Obedience can be forced with a firing squad but you can't force co-operation. Co-operation rests on voluntarism. It is rooted in inward assent.

This is the vital point usually overlooked or misunderstood by the holders of power. This is why the solution does not solve. *They propose changing the attitude of men toward institutions. They do not propose changing the attitude of institutions toward men.* They assume that institutions are good and therefore such as command devotion from all right thinking persons. Nonconformity and non-co-operation are evidences of a moral and social decadence. The logic is something like this: The State represents the highest common good, therefore all must be loyal to it. The Church represents the highest aspirations of men, therefore all must be devoted to it. Business is the best form of organized production, therefore all workers must co-operate with it.

The deductions are faultless, but suppose the premises are wrong, or at least suppose that a growing number of men believe that one or more of them are wrong. Obviously, loyalty and co-operation cease to be solutions and become mere evasions.

The real solution lies in transforming the State into that kind of political body which does democratically and authentically represent the common good—which sends its beneficent influences down so deep into the lives of men that they will habitually honor it and will spontaneously co-operate with it because they have faith in it. The way to make the Church popular is to make a Church which really, not metaphorically, does represent the highest aspirations of men and which efficiently helps them to attain it. Such a Church begets loyalty because it automatically commands it. The way for business to become successful is not by importing Billy Sunday Revivalists to preach loyalty to the workers, but by reorganizing itself upon those essential principles of democracy which satisfy the demands of the most progressive and enlightened workers throughout civilization. In that kind of business there is no need to preach loyalty.

Thinking people are not loyal for the sake of being loyal. They are loyal for the sake of sustaining what they believe in. There is thus a loyalty which institutions must give to men. It is measured by sensitive response to their changing needs and beliefs. If an institution demands co-operation it must first prove its sincerity by adapting itself to new demands and conditions.

The moment we begin to preach the necessity of loyalty we ought to know that there is something the matter with our case. Our idea is out of joint. It no longer expresses a vital need or hope. It then behooves the holders of power, not to continue issuing Lusk reports about the Phillistines, but to examine themselves and discover whether their cause is such as expresses life. They should learn to challenge their premises.

The lack of loyalty to what some consider good may be but an earnest of a loyalty to what others consider better. Co-operation is not in itself a virtue. It depends for its moral quality upon the object which it serves.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

The Clique of Nations

In a formal address delivered at the International University at Brussels by Inazo Nitobé, who is a member of the International Secretariat and Under Secretary General of the League of Nations, entitled, "What the League of Nations has done"—an address which has been widely circulated as propaganda for the League and which begins with a portentous paragraph from Plato—the United States of America is listed at the bottom of a list of twenty-five delinquent nations which have not joined the golden 53 who constitute the overwhelming membership in that celebrated association. The list of renegades starts with Albania, Arabia, Armenia, Azerbaijan and Bhutan, includes such illustrious pillars of human civilization as Mesopotamia, Nepal, Abyssinia and Oman (location and form of government unfortunately omitted) and ends ignominiously with Germany, Russia and the United States. This is truly the abyss of ignominy and godlessness—especially when one reads that

> few things afford a more encouraging prospect for harmonious co-operation, a more hopeful earnest of universal peace, than the sight of the leading statesmen of the foremost countries of the world coming together in close personal relations, holding different views and expressing them with utmost freedom, yet in the spirit of mutual understanding and concord. They come agreed to differ and differ to agree.

So seductively worded is this official propaganda that one almost regrets being a citizen of a country which has abstained from an association at once so practical and so Utopian. One gathers the impression that in doing so America has assumed responsibility for all of the disasters of the present and for most of those of the still more ominous future. But fortunately there are facts to offset propaganda and the knowledge of these facts will out,—here and there,

through the independent investigations and uncontrolled discoveries of journalist and students, observers and thinkers who are mostly private citizens without great influence. And little by little, chiefly through the acts of the League itself, evidence has accumulated fully to confirm the opinion of that despised but none the less courageous "little group of willful men" who believed and put their belief into effect, that the most fortunate thing in American history since the tragedy of the Peace Treaty has been her abstention from a political association which has convicted itself of being either a pathetic futility or a dangerous fraud.

Whether Mr. Wilson knew it or not, his League of Nations, by reason of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles on which it was compelled to rest, like a house upon quicksand, and by reason of the exclusion from membership of the Central Powers and of Russia, was little more than a device for lending the sanction of morality and of law to the territorial and economic depredations and loot of a war of unparalleled violence and duplicity. That it should have made pretensions to assure the maintenance of such a "peace" through the extraordinary obligations blithely assumed in Article X of unhappy memory, was only one of the more absurd elements in the complex. The chief moral tragedy of American statesmanship was that Mr. Wilson himself failed to square his treaty with his eloquently expressed ideals of even handed justice and to realize the enormity of his folly in seeking to pledge and bind American resources, human and material, to the maintenance of so impossible a system of economically incompatible and mutually embittered political entities upon the continent and of so overweening an imperialism in the world at large as that set up by the Treaty of Versailles.

Let it be remembered by those who affect to despise minorities that it was a minority, a little group of willful men, that saved America either from disaster or from the necessity of disavowing a solemn treaty obligation. And now the League itself, if further evidence were needed to support the wisdom of their action and to reveal its own true inwardness, has supplied it in its declination to support Dr. Nansen in his almost heroic, single-handed struggle for international support for the relief of the Russian famine and in its pronouncement upon the destiny of Upper Silesia.

Incredible is the callous refusal of the League to undertake an official appeal to its supporting governments which represent, according to Mr. Inazo Nitobé, three-fourths of the population of the globe and a population of 1,300,000,000 people, in behalf of the dying sufferers of the Volga valley. This refusal results probably not so much from what Senator La-Fontaine of Belgium, himself a member of the Assembly, described to me as "an infamous speech of the Serbian delegate" in which this South Slav condemned the efforts of others to assist his fellow Slavs because of some maniacal prejudice against the very word Bolshevism, as from the financial and moral impotence of the whole Association. It is in the Silesian decision that the League has performed the most positive and disastrous disservice to international justice and peace, and its own very existence, and convicted itself finally of being a characterless instrument and catspaw of the Powers.

What this recently announced decision of the League's Council means, not only to the security and peace of Germany and of the local population in Upper Silesia, but also to the well-being of Europe, may best be realized from a striking letter of protest published in the *Manchester Guardian* over the joint signatures of Sir George Paish, Lord Parmoor, Jean Longuet, J. A. Hobson, J. M. Kenworthy and Mr. Eddo Fimmen of the Amsterdam International Association of Trade Unions. Their letter runs as follows:

"Sir:—

"As members of the International Economic Conference held this week at Caxton Hall, we desire to place on record our opinion that the reported decision of the League of Nations as regards Upper Silesia falls as yet another heavy blow, and perhaps the severest yet sustained, to the prospects of the peace of Europe and its economic recovery. If the Supreme Council holds itself bound to accept the decision of the League, let it be done with full recognition of all that the decision involves. On July 20, 1920, Mr. Lloyd George stated in the House of Commons that 'obviously it would make a very great difference (to the amount of reparation) if the important coalfield of Upper Silesia is torn out of Germany and handed over to Poland. It would make a considerable difference to the capacity of Germany to pay.' The Germans themselves have never failed to make it clear that their acceptance of the reparation terms was based on the assumption of the retention of Upper Silesia. It is perfectly clear that the losses now threatened render the continuance of Germany's payments on the present scale impossible. Germany's capacity to pay any large sum for reparation depends first on her power to dispose of a surplus of exports over imports, and second only on her power to raise by taxation the sums needed to reimburse the German exporters whose bills on foreign countries the Government is obliged to buy.

"The proposed frontier line awards to Poland the whole of Upper Silesia's deposits of lead, zinc, and iron and approximately nine-tenths of her coal supply. According to the figures given in the report of the International Federation of Trade Unions (June, 1921) this vast mineral wealth includes 78 per cent of the zinc supply of all Germany, 47 per cent of the lead supply, and nearly 25 per cent of Germany's present coal supply. The loss of the relatively small iron mines is the more serious as over three-fifths of Germany's pre-war supply passed away from her with Alsace-Lorraine. The loss of these deposits not only deprives Germany of some of her most valuable exports, but increases the necessity of imports for such home industries as depend on these materials, thereby cutting down at both ends the surplus of exports over imports whereby alone the reparation payments can be made. Secondly, this vast loss of mineral wealth, together with the indirect losses due to the dislocation of trade, means a great reduction in Germany's taxable capacity. Granted that an attempt is to be made to preserve the economic unity of the province by an economic frontier independent of the political one, it is inconceivable that a vast amount of disorganization can be avoided.

"No one who has studied the calamitous situation in the Saar district, where the League of Nations' safeguards against injustices have not proved worth the paper on which they were written, will seriously expect this new and more complicated experiment to work. The prospects of peace in Upper Silesia itself, the maintenance of order and of a democratic Government in Germany, for the success of the Washington

Conference and of a League of Nations strengthened by the inclusion of Germany, seem to be dashed to the ground.

"The day of Germany's default in reparation payments is brought very much nearer. Even before this vast loss of wealth was in question good authorities even in France regarded Germany's engagements as impossible of fulfilment, as has been unmistakably brought out in the recently-published correspondence between M. Poincaré and M. Tardieu. It has been made equally clear in Paris that default in payment will be the signal for a march on to the Ruhr. At the time last May when the occupation of the Ruhr seemed imminent M. Briand was only allowed to renounce the intention on the strict understanding given to the French Chamber that the matter could be proceeded with the moment a default in reparation payments occurred and without further consultation with the Allies. It is well known that all the weight of British influence has been thrown in the past against such an occupation, which would make the peace of Europe and the recovery of trade alike impossible.

"It is, moreover, certain that at the time of the plebiscite the great majority of the voters did not have the idea of partition in mind. No one will be less satisfied with the present proposals than the Upper Silesian population themselves, whether Polish or German. It would therefore be only fair, if the decision is to be accepted, that it should be accompanied by the proposal of a new plebiscite giving the populations concerned the opportunity to choose between (1) partition as now proposed, (2) an undivided German Upper Silesia, (3) an undivided Polish Upper Silesia, (4) an independent Upper Silesia under the auspices of the League of Nations."

The suggestion of a new plebiscite, to be held by communes under the auspices of an impartial and not a conniving military occupation (as was the first) has also been made in a forceful public appeal just issued by several German pacifist organizations which point out how hopeless is their task, in view of this final blow at the integrity of the German people, at their economic strength and, incidentally, at the whole idea of international arbitration, of successfully combatting the rising tide of militarist reaction and the old ideas of force throughout Germany—a reaction which may easily threaten not only the hope of successfully establishing a democratic form of government in Germany but also the peace of Europe. And war in Europe, as we know only too well, now means war for America—late or soon.

Certain it is that the position of Chancellor Wirth and the sincerity of the program for which he and Herr Rathenau stand of faithful fulfillment of the final reparation demands, so far as German ability goes, has been gravely shaken by the decision of the League and its owners to disrupt Upper Silesia and detach all the most valuable portions of it from Germany. It is a decision which, whether or not brought about by England, as some astute observers of European politics allege, through quiet but effective intrigue with the deliberate purpose to overthrow the Wirth Government and with it, the possibility of rapprochement or political and economic agreement between France and Germany which that Government has sponsored, at the same time that England publicly appears to take the part of Germany against French vindictiveness—whether or not such depths of duplicity lie behind the action of the League's Council, that act reveals as nothing else has done the grave danger which any participation in the League as it is at present constituted involves for the United States. The United States has already been played upon by the winds of propaganda fanned and directed in the interests of various European States until it has reacted almost with a feeling of disgust from Europe and the intrigues of European politics, and it is quite unprepared either in mood or in its intellectual resources and informed opinion to assume that responsibility and play that decisive role in the tangled affairs of Europe to which the selfish interests of several antagonistic groups and an ever increasing economic disaster unite in summoning it. One further moral the League's fatal action also points, to wit, that the key to the salvation of Europe and the world is an enlightened economic state-craft which, independently of the bickerings, the clamorous hatreds, the hopeless confusions of politics, will knit together the torn fabric of European society, remove the artificial and destructive barriers to trade, which have been created by the Treaty of Versailles, establish, perhaps, a uniform currency which shall be stable,—thus rendering unnecessary widespread relief work and further American charity—and give direction and a much-needed sense of security to all that there is of human, at least, of Western civilization.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

CREED.

If I have beauty to give, I shall give it simply,
As my mother gave me her breast, as my father taught
me prayers.
If I have houses to build, they shall be simple.
If I have stories to tell, answers to make,
I shall make them simply and without flourishes.
I shall make friends with God,
And give my hand in token of peace to Death,
And have laughter and a friendly heart for men.
I shall accept the years as they steal up,
With a faint smile to myself,
And greet old age quietly and with gladness,
As a wiser, kindlier friend than Youth.
And I shall live and die not needing hope or knowing fear.
If I have beauty to give, I shall give it simply,
And be content with silence for an answer.

The Caliper. —*Jo Felshin.*

The Soul of Romain Rolland

As Interpreted by Stefan Zweig*

In 1910, the forty-fourth year of his age, Romain Rolland was run down by an automobile and seriously injured. Had he been killed in this accident, little would ever have been heard of him. "Nothing can better exemplify the slenderness, as yet, of Romain Rolland's fame," writes Stefan Zweig, in his biography of the great Frenchman, "than the reflection how little his death at this juncture would have signified to the literary world" (p. 48). A few friends would have deeply mourned. "There would have been a paragraph or two in the newspapers informing the public that the sometime professor of musical history at the Sorbonne had succumbed after being run over by a motor . . . . But among the innumerable inhabitants of Paris, scarce a handful would have known anything of the deceased author" (p. 48). And yet Rolland had already accomplished much of his greatest work! He had written those dramas of the French Revolution which, after long obscurity, are just today coming into fame. He had published those biographies of the titans —Beethoven, Michelangelo, Tolstoy—which are now so widely read and reverenced. Most significant of all, he had given to the world the first eight volumes of *Jean Christophe!* But when he was borne to the hospital, "with broken limbs, to be nursed back to life" (p. 48), not a ripple of public interest was stirred. "A wonderful thing is fame" (p. 49), comments Zweig!

Had Romain Rolland died a few years later, in 1914 or even 1915, he would have passed with the acclamations of multitudes. In this little interval of time came all at once "renown" (p. 48). *Jean Christophe,* as it swept to its epic conclusion, caught at last the attention of the world. It was snatched from the obscure pages of *"Cahiers de la quinzaine,"* and published in due and regular form. All of France read the book and gave admiring salutation to its author. The Academy crowned it with great éclat. Translations appeared, notably the accurate and sensitive rendition into English by Gilbert Cannan. "All at once accounts of Rolland broke upon the world like a flood" (p. 50), says Zweig. Paul Seippel, a distinguished Swiss author, penned a comprehensive biography, which was widely read in Europe. Then, "last scene of all," came the Nobel Prize! Rolland's fame was now complete. Unknown in 1912, he was now the most talked of literary figure of the day. "With a cry of astonishment a generation recognized its leader, and Europe became aware of the first product of the new universal European spirit."

But Romain Rolland was not fated to die in the glittering fame of 1914, any more than he had been fated to die when death snatched at him in the obscurity of 1910. He was reserved for a higher and infinitely nobler destiny—a mission of the spirit! "There is a mystical significance in Romain Rolland's rise to fame," says Zweig. His "renown put a sword into his hand. At the decisive moment he had power and a voice to speak for Europe. He stood on a pedestal, so that he was visible above the medley. In truth fame was granted at a fitting time, when through suffering and knowledge Rolland had grown ripe for his highest function, to assume his European responsibility. Reputation, and the power that reputation gives, came at a moment when the world of the courageous needed a man who should proclaim against the world itself the world's message of brotherhood" (pp. 50-51).

The "decisive moment," the "fitting time" referred to in this passage was of course the outbreak of the Great War, which marks the close of Rolland's private life. "Henceforth," says Stefan Zweig, "his career belongs to the world, his biography becomes a part of history" (p. 52). All his career during these nearly fifty years from 1866 to 1914 seems to have been a spiritual preparation for this climactic moment; the war, a kind of testing of the soul that he had wrought. In his earliest childhood in Clamency, he discovered music, "the language of languages, the first great message of the soul" (p. 4), and therewith touched the rim of the universal. "From its tones," says his biographer, "he learned to build for himself the infinite world of feeling, thus transcending the limits imposed by nationality" (p. 4). His earliest heroes, Beethoven and Shakespeare, and the later ones, Spinoza and Wagner, were universal men, who made him a child not only of France, but of Europe and of the world. In the normal school, he added to music the study of history and geography. "Here he first came to look upon universal history as an eternal ebb and flow of epochs, wherein yesterday, today, and tomorrow comprise but a single living entity" (p. 13). The letter from Tolstoy, dated October 14, 1887, brought the young idealist into touch with the most universal man of his time, and revealed to him, as by a lightning flash, the relation of art and learning to life. That alone is of value, wrote Tolstoy, which binds men together. The precondition of every calling must be not love for art, but love for mankind. The visit to Rome did for Rolland what it did for Goethe—it made his soul coincident with the soul of his race. He learned "that there is a lofty level of thought and sensation where nations and languages become as one in that universal tongue of art" (p. 26). It is not surprising that, during this sojourn in the Eternal City, "during a walk in the Janiculum, a vision came to him of the work of European scope he was one day to write, the vision of *Jean Christophe"* (p. 26). "Once and for all, Rolland had acquired the European spirit. Before he had written a line of *Jean Christophe,* that great epic was already living in his blood" (p. 31).

Rolland was now free—but by this fact was he bound to the task of freeing others! The France to which he returned after his two years' sojourn in Italy was enslaved to the chauvinism to which she had been abjectly disciplined by the defeat and humiliation of 1870. For years her leaders had been fashioning "with the hammers of verse and prose, the wounded pride of the French nation that it might become a weapon to strike the hated foe to the heart" (p. 59). "Ever afresh did they tear open the old wound. . . From hand to hand did they pass the unquenchable torch of revenge, ready and eager to fling it into Europe's powder barrel" (p. 60). This to the young Rolland was a betrayal of France, of Europe, above all of those moral values without which the soul of man must die. "Force is no argument for the spirit, the externals of success provide no criterion for the soul. The individual does not conquer when the generals of his nation march

*"Romain Rolland, the Man and His Work," by Stefan Zweig. (Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1921.)

to victory through a hundred provinces, the individual is not vanquished when the army loses a thousand pieces of artillery. The individual gains the victory only when he is free from illusion, and when he has no part in any wrong committed by his nation" (p. 60). Rolland would "induce France not indeed to forget her defeat, but to make of that defeat a source of moral greatness" (p. 60). Thus would France, and by the same token Europe, be saved from the doom impending in the age.

To this exalted mission of the spirit, Romain Rolland now set himself. "For twenty years . . . . his whole creative activity [was] concentrated upon the contradictions between spirit and force, between freedom and the fatherland, between victory and defeat. Through a hundred variations he pursued the same fundamental theme. . . . Intellectually regarded, Rolland's writings are a maneuvering ground for all the incentives to war" (p. 260). Almost alone, and in the highest spiritual flame, he foresaw "the essential problem of a whole civilization, of a disastrous epoch—the coming European war" (p. 261), and spoke the word of warning and pointed the pathway of escape.

Under the spell of the stage, Rolland turned first to the drama. The moral force of his plays, say Zweig, "consists in the way they show how the individual, a Prometheus in conflict with the gods, is able in the spiritual sphere to break the unseen yoke; how the individual idea remains stronger than the mass idea, the idea of the fatherland" (p. 128). Since "war is the most powerful of mass influences . . . nearly all Rolland's plays take war as their theme" (p. 128). In *Saint Louis,* "Rolland for the first time presents his favorite type, that of the vanquished victor" (p. 81). The king seeks in vain the holy city, but dies in the glad assurance that "it is glorious to fight for the unattainable when the unattainable is God" (p. 81). In this first of his published works, "humility conquers force, faith conquers the world, love conquers hatred" (p. 82).

In *Aert,* written a year later, we have the young idealist struggling against luxury, frivolity, and lies. Beaten down, "surrounded by scornful victors, calling to him 'Too late,' he answers proudly, 'Not too late to be free,' and plunges headlong out of life" (p. 84).

These romantic plays were but weak forerunners of the great and uncompleted cycle of the dramas of the French Revolution. *"Le 14 Juillet* is the flourish of trumpets; it marks the opening of the storm. *Danton* is the critical climax; in the hour of victory comes the beginning of moral defeat, the fratricidal struggle" (p. 101). *Le Triomphe de la Raison* proclaims Rolland's hostility to victory. The martyrs die for freedom. "Adam Lux. . . . .is the first messenger from the land of Jean Christophe. The struggle of the free man for the undying fatherland which is above and beyond the land of his birth, has begun. This is the struggle wherein the vanquished is ever the victor, and wherein he is the strongest who fights alone" (p. 112). *Les Loups* embodies a variation of the same theme. Whereas in *Le Triomphe* the choice is between country and freedom, between the interests of the nation and those of the supranational spirit, "here the choice has to be made between the fatherland and justice" (p. 113). Teulier stakes all in his cry, "A soul which has seen truth and seeks to deny truth, destroys itself"; but he loses, for "patriotism, the faith of the masses, triumphs over the heroism of faith in the invisible justice" (p. 114). *Les Temps Viendra* brings the climax of the confession of Rolland's soul. Here we have the loftiest variation of the constant theme—"the conflict of conscience, the eternal truth, versus the fatherland" (p. 120). The setting is war. The chief figure is Clifford, leader of an invading army in an unjust war —himself a just man wrestling with the question, *"Obéir à ma patrie? Obéir à ma conscience?"* The hero is the Scottish peasant "who lays aside his rifle with the words, 'I will kill no longer'" (p. 121). In this play, Rolland speaks his noblest word as dramatist. "In his first plays he was still speaking for France. His last work written for the stage addresses a wider audience; it is his confession of world citizenship" (p. 122).

These dramas were failures. "Penned in deliberate opposition to the dominant literary mode" (p. 123), they attracted no attention and stirred no interest. The same thing is true of the heroic biographies, in which he attempted to show that there was "a profounder greatness than that of action, the greatness of suffering" (p. 135). These were not read; "the *'Cahiers de la quinzaine'* were at once their birthplace and their tomb" (p. 43). "None of his aims fulfilled" (p. 133), "his private life likewise in ruins" (p. 134), what wonder that, "wounded to the heart, shipwrecked in all his undertakings, he withdrew into seclusion" (p. 134).

For ten years now, abandoning the theater utterly, and even resigning his chair as professor of music, he lived in solitude. His home was two tiny little attic rooms in Paris, on the Boulevard Montparnasse. "No neighbors on this story, no service. Nothing beyond the half of the *concierge,* an old woman who protects the hermit from untimely visitors" (p. 45). His workroom is cluttered with books, they climb the walls, they pile up in heaps on the floor. Among them are manuscripts and newspaper-clippings. There are photographs of a few friends, and a bust of Beethoven. The furniture consists of a deal table near the window, two chairs, and a small stove. "Nothing costly in the narrow cell; nothing which could tempt to repose; nothing to encourage sociability. A student's den; a little prison of labor" (p. 45). Here amid the books sits Rolland—"tall, slim, delicate-looking. . . . his face lined, suggesting that here is a worker who spends few hours in sleep" (p. 46). Indeed "the flame of his labor burns unceasingly. . . . Seldom does he go for a stroll in the adjoining Luxemburg; infrequently does a friend climb the five flights of winding stair for an hour's quiet talk; even such journeys as he undertakes are mostly for purposes of research" (p. 47). Always he works; and the written books are but a fraction of his toil. "The ardor of our recluse is all-embracing, reaching forth to include the cultures of every tongue, the history, philosophy, poesy and music of every nation. He is in touch with all endeavors."

Thus, "for a decade, Rolland seemed to have vanished from the French literary world. Mystery enveloped him; the mystery of toil. . . . It was a period of much suffering, a period of silence" (p. 44), but a period also of stupendous achievement! "Through all these long years his cloistered labors represented the hidden stage of the chrysalis, from which the imago is to issue in winged glory" (p. 44). *Jean Christophe!* All at once, through this colossal masterpiece, ten volumes in length, Romain Rolland stepped forth into

fame and transcendent influence. He had found his medium, spoken his message—and not only Europe but the world responded.

"*Jean Christophe* was designed to be, and actually is, a work of life, and not a work of art; it was to be, and is, a book as comprehensive as humanity" (p. 168). "It is an attempt to create a totality, to write a book that is universal and encyclopedic, not merely narrative, a book which continually returns to the central problem of the world-all" (p. 166). At bottom, of course, it is the study of a single soul—the soul of Jean Christophe, the musician. "The center is the inner life of [this] individual human being. The primary *motif* of the romance is to expound how this individual sees life, or rather how he learns to see it" (p. 168). But Jean is the child of his generation, his soul is the soul of his age striving for self-expression and for peace. This book, therefore, is not merely the story of a hero but "the history of his generation" (p. 169). "Rolland discusses the cultural history of the age, exhibiting the radiations of the time spirit, concerning himself with poesy and with socialism, with music and with the fine arts, with the woman question and with racial problems" (p. 169). *Jean Christophe,* in other words, is not Jean Christophe, but Europe in the closing years of the nineteenth and the opening years of the twentieth century. It is that seething mass of discordant nationalities, contending schools, ancient prejudices and mordant hates, striving to rise above the confusions of the hour into the creative order of eternal things. It is Europe at war with itself on the low plane of material lust for power and glory; Europe kindling the fires which were destined to consume a continent in the vast conflagration foreseen so clearly in Rolland's pages; and yet Europe yearning and passionately striving for the embracing unities of art, religion, and human brotherhood. As Jean Christophe the man "is a whole man [so] *Jean Christophe* the book embraces all that is human in the spiritual cosmos . . . it has a universal life, beyond all frontiers of nations, occupations and creeds" (p. 169). It defies even the challenge of patriotism. "'I love my country,'" says Olivier to Jean, when war threatens between France and Germany. "'I love it just as you love yours. But am I for this reason to betray my conscience, to kill my soul? This would signify the betrayal of my country. I belong to the army of the spirit, not to the army of force.'" Thus does the romance furnish "an outlook on the universe. . . . .struggle for the totality of life" (p. 170), throb to the beat of cosmic things. Not in all of modern literature is there a work of such pure idealism as this.

The surprise and admiration stirred by *Jean Christophe* is a matter of historic record. Not since Tolstoy's *War and Peace* had Europe seen such a work of literature; but Rolland had the inestimable advantage over his great master of "placing his tragedy in the temporal environment of the life of today, instead of amid the wars of Napoleonic times, and by endowing his hero with the heroism not of arms" (p. 170) but of the spirit! Rolland became in an instant of time the idealistic leader of contemporary Europe; for this book was seen to be not "a literary work, but a deed" (p. 170), "the miracle of revelation of a man who lives the truth, whose whole life is truth" (p. 171). All at once, the long years of tragedy seemed to be at an end. Unbroken failure was crowned with unprecedented triumph. Never loomed before any man so fair a prospect as that upon which Rolland gazed in 1912. But it appeared in brightness only to be blotted out in the blackness of a tragedy which swallowed not a single soul but all humanity in one vast horror. Two years after the completion of the immortal work, the Great War broke upon the world! What "he had feared since early boyhood . . . . what he had prophetically anticipated, had became a terrible reality" (p. 264).

Rolland was at Vevey, a small and ancient city on the lake of Geneva, when the blasting news swept across the continent. At first he was completely overwhelmed. Of a sudden he saw collapse "the faith which the brothers in the spirit, Jean Christophe and Olivier, had been building with their lives" (p. 257); and "it seemed as if his whole life had become meaningless" (p. 264). On August 3rd, he wrote in his diary, "I feel at the end of my resources. I wish I were dead. It is horrible to live when men have gone mad, horrible to witness the collapse of civilization. This European war is the greatest catastrophe in the history of many centuries, the overthrow of our dearest hopes of human brotherhood." A few days later he wrote, "My distress is so colossal an accumulation of distresses that I can scarcely breathe. . . . I feel a moral death-struggle as I look on at this mad humanity. . . . The futility of my life has reached its climax. If I could but sleep, never to awaken."

Such a mood, however, was only temporary—the inevitable reaction of a soul sensitive to highest values, and seeing the far consequence of what was transpiring before his eyes. The moment he was recovered from the initial shock, he recognized the "unparalleled responsibility" (p. 257) by which he was confronted. He had presented the problems of spiritual idealism in imaginative form; "now they had come up for solution as terrible realities" (p. 257). "Faith in Europe, the faith which he had committed to the care of Jean Christophe, had no protector, no advocate, at a time when it was more than ever necessary to raise its standard against the storm" (p. 257). "I am heart-broken," he wrote in his diary, "at the absence of any divine message, any divine spirit, any moral leadership, which might upbuild the City of God when the carnage is at an end." What was everywhere failing, it was clear he must supply. He had spoken the truth, but "truth remains naught but a half-truth while it exists merely in verbal formulation. It is in action that a thought becomes genuinely alive. A faith proves itself real in the form of a public confession. . . . Romain Rolland had delivered his message to this fated hour." Now that the hour had come, he must make this message a living thing, by giving something more than all he had yet given—namely "himself" (p. 257).

"The way in which Rolland fulfilled this obligation has become . . . .an imperishable example of spiritual heroism" (p. 258). We venture to prophesy that it will remain the immortal spiritual saga of the Great War. Planting himself in Switzerland, he there gave himself to the sublime task, "*de dire ce qui est juste et humain.*" His first thought was to set up in "Europe's heart" (p. 267), a "tribunal of the spirit" (p. 271). Amid the "deluge of hatred and blood," he undertook to "build an ark wherein what was intellectually precious might be made available for those of a future day. . . . [He] dreamed of establishing a fellowship of the free spirits of Europe. The leading imaginative writers, the leading men of science, were to constitute

the ark he desired; they were to be the sustainers of justice in these days of injustice and falsehood. While the masses, deceived by words, were raging against one another in blind fury, the artists, the writers, the men of science, of Germany, France, and England . . . . could combine to form a tribunal of the spirit which should devote itself to extirpating the falsehoods that were keeping their respective peoples apart. . . . Holding mutual converse, these best men could enlighten one another; and the reciprocal illumination . . . could not fail to diffuse its light over the world" (pp. 273-275). In this mood and hope, Rolland penned his famous open letters to Gerhart Hauptmann, whom he most honored for goodness and humaneness among German men of letters; and in the same hour wrote to Verhaeren, Germany's bitterest foe. It was in vain! By both men he was repulsed—and his dream of reconciliation and enlightment thrust to ruins. "No one would espouse the universal cause," "No one would aid him in the struggle for the freedom of the European soul."

Thrown back upon himself, Rolland resolved to act alone. With indomitable courage and sublime faith, he began single-handed his "onslaught upon the illusions of the multitude" (p. 288). "The European conscience, hunted with scorn and hatred from all countries and all hearts, [took] sanctuary in his heart" (p. 288). Now began that stream of manifestoes, letters, essays, which, gathered together in the two volumes, *Au-dessus de la Mêlée* and *Les Précurseurs,* will stand forever in the mind of posterity as the greatest single spiritual achievement of the period of the War. Never in all history has there been a sublimer pitting of *ideas* against the passions raging in men's hearts. Amid the storm of hate engulfing the world, Rolland spoke unfalteringly of love and forgiving. From out the welter of patriotic intolerance and lust, Rolland lifted the unsullied banner of international brotherhood. Full in the face of mad reliance upon force and bloodshed, Rolland flung the challenge of the spirit. He denied the justice of the war, prophesied its futility, called unceasingly for its cessation. "Above the battle" of factions, nations, races, religions, in the black darkness of a world in arms, he cried for peace, that humanity might not be slain. "Humanity," he wrote, in words already become immortal, "is a symphony of great collective souls. He who cannot understand it and love it until he has destroyed a pact of its elements, is a barbarian. . . . For the finer spirits of Europe, there are two dwelling places: our earthly fatherland, and the City of God. Of the one we are the guests, of the other the builders. . . . It is our duty to build the walls of this city ever higher and stronger, that it may dominate the injustice and the hatred of the nations. Then shall we have a refuge wherein the brotherly and free spirits from all the world may assemble."

What these years meant to the soul of this heroic servant of truth and love, is shown on the one hand in the scorching satire of *Liluli* and on the other hand in the tragic eloquence of *Clerambault.* In the early years, "a void formed round this brave man. . . . His oldest friends left him in the lurch; prudent folk quietly turned their backs on him; newspaper editors and publishers refused him hospitality" (p. 311). Only his enemies crossed the void, to torture and defame him. But, as he had written in *Jean Christophe,* "A great soul is never alone. Abandoned by friends, such a one makes new friends, and surrounds himself with a circle of that affection of which he is himself full" (p. 311). Rolland's own basic principle, of victory in defeat, here vindicated itself triumphantly. From quiet homes in France and Belgium, from the trenches where the soldiers fought, from lonely and stricken souls across the sea and continents, came a mounting flood of letters, seeking counsel and consolation, or giving praise for leadership. Rolland was himself become that "refuge wherein the brotherly and free spirits from all the world may assemble," of which he had written! In the closing months of the War, himself a solitary, he was "in touch with the life of the whole world. [His] life radiated influence in all directions" (p. 324). And now that the War is done, men lift their hearts to him in adoration and affection!

Already Romain Rolland, for his service to mankind in its most awful hours, has become as one of the immortals. This book of Stefan Zweig, so pure, so trustful, so throbbing with the love of the disciple for the master, is as an offering laid upon a sacred shrine. And well does he know that throughout the world of humankind there are myriads to join him in his act of solemn and beautiful salutation. We also, in America as in Europe, "have watched the heroism of this fight, pursuing its own course amid the warring of the nations. We have watched the miracle of one man's keeping his senses, amid the frenzied millions, of one man's remaining free amid the universal slavery of public opinion. . . . .Throughout this long and bloody night when we were often ready to perish from despair, ... the one thing which has consoled us and sustained us has been the recognition that the mighty forces which were able to crush towns and annihilate empires, were powerless against an isolated individual possessed of the will and the courage to be free" (pp. 258-259). Therefore are we grateful to Zweig for being included by him in the company of those who are glad that it has been vouchsafed to them "to know the miracle of so radiant an existence" (p. v); for he has graciously offered the dedication of his volume to those "who, in the hour of fiery trial, remained faithful to Romain Rolland." —*John Haynes Holmes.*

The World Tomorrow.

Patriotism as a religion is unsatisfactory because of its lack of universality. The good at which it aims is a good for one's own nation only, not for all mankind. The desires which it inspires in an Englishman are not the same as the desires which it inspires in a German. A world full of patriots may be a world full of strife. The more intensely a nation believes in its patriotism, the more fanatically indifferent it will become to the damage suffered by other nations. When once men have learnt to subordinate their own good to the good of a larger whole, there can be no valid reason for stopping short of the human race.

—*Bertrand Russell.*

"Self Determination" has filled Europe with antagonistic frontiers and economic co-operation is beyond comparison farther away than it was in the beginning of the century. Furthermore it becomes plain that independence by no means insures freedom. The only liberty of importance is that of the individual man, whose serfdom is not mitigated by a change of oppressors, the succession of the tyranny of frontiers to that of centralized government.

David Starr Jordan.

New Plummets for New Soundings

There is that below all expression of life which remains forever unspoken and unspeakable; it is ours, but we cannot share it with others; we drop our plummets into its depths in vain.

Ten thousand have tried and failed.

A certain professor of Comparative Religion has recently informed us that no less than ten thousand attempts have been made to define religion. What is the reason that after all these efforts, society is still sounding—still finding the depths to that elusive, intangible phenomenon known as "religion," too deep for the plummet lines of science and philosophy?

One reason is to be found in the holy awe with which we pronounce that word, "religion"—a word taboo in polite literature. As the Hebrews thought it disrespectful to even pronounce the name "Yahweh," so we, in polite writings, shrink from any reference to the word "religion," fearing that should we use it we might call the minds of those reading our works to technical defects in their sacred mental pictures of vested choirs, prayer books, robed clergy, and all the rest of the religious ceremonials which we associate with weddings, funerals, and Sunday mornings.

Yes, more freedom in the discussion of religious values, not in the narrow confines of theological dogma, but in the open forum of sympathetic literature, would greatly aid in an adequate evaluation of that phenomenon which we call "religion." The world craves, not for the sectarian doctrines of the propagandist, but for the outpouring religious pulsations of deep thinking, broad minded seers—men who are sensitive to the beautiful and the good. Art languishes where expression is dead. A friendly, appreciative and sympathetic social atmosphere is the very life breath of genius. Why have ten thousand tried and failed in their effort to give to the word "religion" an adequate definition? In part, at least, because they have had to work in the loneliness of an unfriendly social environment. Lorado Taft, in grim, traffic choked, industrial Chicago finds stifling to the artist's muse that city's lack of cultural values. So it is with religionists. They can only achieve artistic perfection when enshrouded in a cultural-religious atmosphere. So long as etiquette forbids one to talk about religion at social gatherings; and so long as our leading cultural publications continue to refuse but meagre space to writings on these themes, we must not expect religious geniuses. It is not a mere curcumstance that Italy produced thirty-eight famous painters in the fifteenth century, and only a few scattering ones during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Where there is no public appreciation there is no talent.

"It is as difficult," says Mr. C. H. Cooley in his writing entitled, "Genius, Fame and the Comparison of Races," "for an American brought up in the western part of our country to become a good painter as it is for a Parisian to become a good baseball player, and for similar reasons. Baseball is a social institution with us; every vacant lot is a school, every boy an aspirant for success. The technique of the game is acquired in childhood, and every appearance of talent meets with enthusiastic appreciation. Hence we have many good players and a few great ones. Now it is probable that Frenchmen are from time to time born with a genius for this game, but how can it be developed? What chance do they have to achieve excellence or acquire fame?"

It is true that we have our churches and our sectarian religious papers, but how much like greenhouses are these restricted ecclesiastical channels. Within them there is no chance for the unchecked, overflowing, virile aspiration of genius; for genius requires enthusiastic appreciation, and these channels afford it not. It is the nation that gives birth to the statesman, not a political party. Similarly we need not look for the rise of great religious geniuses from the confines of religious organizations. These geniuses will come, if they come at all, through the awakened interest within the nation's social consciousness for those ends which religion tries to serve. But there is another reason why ten thousand have tried and failed.

> What were life
> Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife
> Through the ambiguous Present to the goal
> Of some all-reconciling Future?

We may say, and I think truthfully, that religion is an appreciative attitude toward the highest values found in one's environment. Note, however, how inadequate is such a definition in conveying, even in a small measure, the aesthetic and ethical content which forms the import of that word "attitude." Such definitions as these aid us in gaining a conception of the psychic states which contribute each its individual part toward the unified whole; but as our physical bodies seem to represent something more than the sum total of their component parts, so religion contains a depth into which we drop our plummet lines of analysis in vain. Certain attitudes seem to be beyond scientific delineation.

In making this statement I am not trying to incase religion in a halo of supernaturalism. To me its greatness lies in its psychic complexity—it is a wonderfully synthesized compound. Religion is not faith, primarily, nor is it love, primarily; it is rather a harmonious blending of these and many cognate values. Religion is an appreciative, friendly, artistic attitude toward the universe in general, and our highest social values in particular. In its governing, organized form it assumes the nature of a technique of control over those environmental forces which seem to determine human destiny; while in its individual artistic form it merely partakes of the nature of a flowering appreciation of life.

The word "flowering" is used advisedly, for religion is not a static creed or formula, but rather a flowering growth. In the individual it may reach its bloom with ripening years; in society it will, in time, reach the glorious beauty of full bloom in an international brotherhood of all peoples. Religion is the flower unfolding—society evolving. It is not a ceremonial, made fixed and unchangeable by the iron fetters of creeds and theological dogma; it is a construct—the moulding, building, constructing of psychic tendencies or aptitudes into a united synthetic appreciation of life in its totality.

Is it strange, then, that ten thousand have tried and failed in their effort to define an ever changing compound? Each generation must renew the task, in that for each, religion represents a new composite—a new evaluation. All appraisals are but relative. They cannot be codified. Each generation must see the universe through its own eyes, and place its own estimate on the values therein contained. Religion as an appreciative attitude toward the highest values found in one's environment is doubtless as immortal as so-

ciety; but when one tries to specify the nature of those values, then his definition of religion is limited to a specific period in the history of the peoples of a specific geographical section; hence can serve only a transitory purpose. It is probable that the Roman populace looked upon the gladitorial combat as a permanent type of amusement. They probably had as little a conception of it passing into disrepute as has the average American a conception that the days of football are numbered. We cannot point out the Gods; we cannot specify the values. Each generation must make its own selection. The most that we can do, in the way of religious devotion, is to appreciate those tangible and intangible elements in our environment which to us bring the greatest content to life.

Psychologists can point out to us the mental states which contribute each its individual part toward the unified whole; but only the religious genius can reveal to us the artistic synthesis of that whole. To bring the religious flower of appreciation to its fullest bloom it is necessary that we remove the taboo from that word "religion," for no religious genius will rise among our midst until we have. The atmosphere must be cleared from sectarian dogma, not by conflict, but by sympathetic regard for the life values which others hold dear. When we have learned to look upon religion as an appreciative attitude toward our highest values, and not in any sense as including those values, then we will be able, in cultured circles, to express ourselves on religious themes without causing friction. With the ushering in of this religious freedom of discourse there will come an awakened interest within the nation's social consciousness for those ends which religion serves; and within this atmosphere there will arise geniuses to express for us, in terms of life, the meaning of religion.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

The World's Great Rebels and Heretics

No. III.

EPHIALTES, THE GREEK RADICAL.

Philosophers are seldom radicals, or even active reformers. They live up high enough to survey so much of the world, its history, and the passions of men, that they are unwilling to beat their heads out against the wall. Now and then a man like Jesus or Eugene Debs retains the fires of revolution, even after they have reached middle life; but for the large part, the rebel is either the young man, or the man who is narrow and fanatical. Seldom in history do we get the teamwork of rebel and liberal as in Ephialtes and Pericles.

Ephialtes was the radical, ready to dare and do; Pericles, the wiser and cooler man, sits back and waits for the time to come when he shall step in and receive the glory which Ephialtes earned.

In 463 the Aristocratic party was supreme with Cimon at its head, but the time was ripe for an overthrow. Themistocles had been the democratic leader but had fallen under bribery; now comes forth a man more rebellious than Themistocles, less cautious than Pericles, and who cannot be cowed or bribed. Ephialtes was like Marat, *"the people's friend."* He stands up and opposes sending red-blooded Athenians to fight for the Spartans. "Why aid in the war which only is for aristocrats," asked the rebel. Cimon won his point and the forces went, and they came back beaten. A defeated army never adds to the power of the government sending it out, and Ephialtes stood higher than ever among the people. His life was busy in bringing charges against the rich and noble who held office, he was an active thorn in the flesh of the aristocrats—"the good and noble" (?) of the day. No threats of personal danger, no offer of bribes could swerve the first man in history to be called "The Incorruptible."

Athens had a political law called the "Law of Ostracism." If the name of a citizen was blackmailed by six thousand citizens, he must leave the city within ten days. Ephialtes got his six thousand followers and Cimon, the aristocratic leader, was ostracized.

Ephialtes became the first democratic minister. The Areopagus had usurped power, not only to be a court of trial, but to survey all laws, curtail them if it felt wise, interfere in the habits of the people, and do a lot of things of a despotic nature. (Some would say the courts of America are following in the steps of the ancient Areopagus.) Ephialtes, when he came to power, immediately overthrew the Areopagus; took from it the power to prevent or alter law, to interfere in the life of the private citizen, and transferred most of its trial powers to the law courts. He won an ancient Magna Charta for Athens. When a man can not be bribed there is but one thing left, to kill him. So Ephialtes was assassinated; Pericles becomes the sole leader, and goes down into history, receiving much credit due Ephialtes.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

HOLY WRIT: A SONNET.

It does not seem so many years ago—
Those nights when I lay shivering in my bed
And saw the candle-light round my aunt's head
Casting its hazy sanctifying glow;
And heard her read strange story after story
Of Jonah, Adam, Moses, Esau, Ruth,
Of Solomon's old age and David's youth—
Things haunting, tender, terrible or gory.
Still can I see the Queen of Sheba's hair;
And all real lions are but mockery
To him who once knew Daniel's; there's no tree
That can with Eve's great Paradise Tree compare:
A golden light gleamed through that ancient air
That leaves me homesick in modernity.

Poetry. —*Arthur Davison Ficke.*

Note on "The Master Joy"

A subscriber volunteers the following information which will be of interest to those who noticed in last week's issue the poem, by Friedlander. *The Inlander,* from which it was taken, is published by the Australian Inland Mission (Box 100, G. P. O. Sydney, Australia). The Mission is supported by the Federated Churches of Australia. It has an extremely broad program: aims at improving the safety and brightness of life, especially for women and children, on the frontier, by establishing in remote township Nursing Homes, to be eventually taken over by the community; working for the "elimination of dread" by providing through wireless and aeroplanes a "Flying Medical Service" to bring doctors within short call of the most isolated citizens; spreads equipment and knowledge of first aid to the injured, and distributes great quantities of books and magazines of good literary quality throughout the lonely land.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS OF THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL IN THIS AND OTHER LANDS.

(*Concluded.*)

To Georges Demartial, a distinguished ex-civil servant, a Frenchman so beyond the reach of slander that slander has not even attempted to assail him, belongs the honor of having been the first to dissipate the fog of falsehood in which the French nation has been plunged since 1914. He no longer stands alone. The French are the most intelligent people in the world. They cannot long resist such a detailed and monumental exposure of the truth as has just been furnished them by M. Alfred Pevet in his volume "Less responsables de la guerre."[3]

Again we are not dealing honestly with France, or with ourselves, by pretending that we can defend her against the consequences of her own acts. *The only real guarantee of security for France is membership in a universally comprehensive and democratic League of Nations.* The continuance of her present policy towards Germany, which is the excuse—not, I think, the true one—given by her present rulers for maintaining a triumphant militarism in Europe and destroying the hopes of mankind, must lead the French people eventually to utter disaster.

On all these points we shall, I think, be in accord. But I believe you would be prepared to go further, as I, for my part, would be, and agree to wipe out the French debt to us entirely, if by some signal act of good fellowship of that kind we could induce the French to abandon their design of crushing and dismembering Germany, and if we could arrive at some *modus vivendi* between our contending imperialisms in the Near East until such time as both our countries are blessed with governments which will put the imperialists in their place. So much for France.

The pivot around which our European policy must revolve if our shattered credit and impaired trade and industry are to revive, and the blood pressure of the nation become normal once again, is the revision of the Versailles Treaty and all the other so-called "peace treaties."

It will be within your recollection that the publication of the proposed terms of the Versailles Treaty was followed a few days later by a considered protest on the part of our Union. We called it "The Betrayal of the Peoples,"[4] and the curious may satisfy themselves by examining it how events have already corroborated every prediction we made therein and justified every count in our indictment. Everyone now admits that the Versailles Treaty has had the effect of an ill-directed boomerang upon those who imposed it—especially upon our own country, to which a flourishing foreign trade is as the breath of its nostrils. It is proving every day an instrument excellently calculated to ensure our industrial suicide—"with a German razor." It is proving every day the fundamental economic fallacy upon which the whole monstrously immoral and inept structure has been reared, viz., that a State can enrich itself by impoverishing its neighbor. To some of us it is manifesting even yet more clearly the truth that nations which commit deliberate wrongs, or tolerate that deliberate wrongs be committed in their name, are bound to suffer. The Versailles Treaty was a deliberate wrong. Again and again did our statesmen declare that our quarrel was not with the German people, but with their rulers. Yet this treaty penalizes the German democracy as no people have been penalized by their conquerors since the birth of Christ. I could wish, for my part—and I know that in saying this I express your views—that the changed feeling of our nation towards the treaty had an ethical rather than an economic foundation. Be that as it may, revision must come. The longer the process is postponed, the worse for us and for the world.

There will be no more doubt in your mind than there is in mine that the immediate forms revision should take are a frank abandonment of the whole policy of reparations—or indemnities as they should properly be termed—except in so far as the restoration of the devastated provinces are concerned: in regard to the latter, France has now made a special arrangement with Germany, under which Germany undertakes to supply the labor, the material, and the cash. It is important to remember this. When we speak of cancelling reparations, and critics accuse us of indifference to the ravages in northern France, they are talking beside the point. To maintain the policy of reparations is to maintain a policy which the experience of three years has shown to be disastrous to the receiving nations.

Let us, then, drop this policy once and for all; and with it—its necessary corollary—let us withdraw our troops from the Rhine. To keep our troops on the Rhine until Germany has paid reparations *which we know she cannot pay, and which would consummate our industrial ruin if she could pay,* is an act of political folly; it is also, properly envisaged, an act of war in time of peace. France would be well advised in her own interests to do the same for many reasons which will be familiar to you and which are covered in large part in the previous references to France in this letter.

Apart from these two steps, no act of our Government's could more plainly show its determination to break with the whole spirit and tradition of Versailles than the restoration of German personal property seized everywhere, or compensation should be granted.

This does not, of course, exhaust the alterations in the Versailles Treaty which must be made if Europe is to settle down in peace. But they are the more immediately important. . . .

You will agree, I believe, that if the pivot of our purely European policy must revolve round a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, the main object of our world policy should be twofold. It should aim at the inclusion of the Teutonic peoples and of the central branch of the Slav people—the Russian—in the existing, or in an improved, international mechanism for the adjustment of international affairs. And it should aim at the establishment of a broad, unfettering understanding with America.

I think we shall agree in the main that a full, frank, and absolutely honest policy towards the United States should be *the primary aim of British diplomacy.*

Such, my Friends, in broad outline is the foreign policy which I believe our Union should urge upon the country at the present moment.

And, my Friends, if we are honest with ourselves, we shall be forced to admit that just as the problem of disarmament is one which can only be effectively handled by all the Powers, so a League of Nations *to prevent war* can only be effective *if all* the nations are represented upon it. A comprehensive and democratic League of Nations remains the ideal of our Union. *Our Union was the first to launch the proposal, and was attacked furiously for doing so by the "Morning Post" and other enlightened organs of that persuasion.* Nor do we contend that the existing mechanism might not, by drastic internal changes and by the incorporation of all States, be remodelled to suit the requirements of the world. What we do contend is that the present League is not what it professes to be, viz., *a security against war,* and that it can never become what it professes to be unless the national policy of the Powers which now control it is altered on the lines of this *Open Letter.* Nor can we, as a Union which has always faced realities, support the form and composition of the existing League, believing that its present form and composition (together with its connection with the Versailles Treaty) are tending the longer they last to create conditions making for the stabilization of the national policies now actually followed by the controlling Powers, and so making the emergence of a true League of Nations impossible.

My colleagues and myself believe that a NEW INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE of *all* the Powers, including America, Russia, the Powers defeated in the late war, and the neutral Powers, should be summoned for the purpose. This conference would be independent of the existing League of Nations, or of any other association of Powers which may develop from the Washington Conference. Apart from being the means through which many of the recommendations here made could be realized, the NEW CONFERENCE might well take in hand the reform and alteration of the mechanism and composition of the existing League of Nations; from its labors there might emerge a fully comprehensive and really democratic league.

The dogma of the exclusively guilty nation must be given up. The evidence proving distributed responsibility for the war is now overwhelming both in quantity and in quality. The dogma must either be dropped with all its implications, or the issue must be thoroughly investigated and fought out. I believe myself that it is much too big and elemental an issue to be dropped, and that it ought not to be and cannot, in practice, be dropped. However that may be, it can no longer be treated as *chose jugée.* That is clearly impossible. * * *

Foreign Affairs. E. D. MOREL.

[3] Librairie de l'Humanité, 142 Rue Montmartre, Paris, price fifteen francs.

[4] "The Betrayal of the Peoples." Issued by the Executive Committee of the Union of Democratic Control, with map illustrating the territorial changes involved in the Peace Treaty. (U.D.C. Pamphlet No. 37a, price 3d.)

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